

1922

## The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1922 --

Phi Sigma

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# The Voice



1922  
VOICE

THIS WAS OUR VACATION  
or  
WAS THIS TRIP REALLY NECESSARY

Small talk, a few loose words and a few cocktails sometimes produces the embryonic beginning of situations containing many facets.

Such was the case when my wife and I started talking vacations in the fall of 1950 with Francis and Marcella Minor, friends of long standing. We had decided to vacation at Gulfport, Mississippi in a large seldom used winter home belonging to friends of ours.

Making plans six months in advance gave us an opportunity to review the matter as the time went on and we came to the conclusion that with only 4 people in a home with capacity for sleeping 14 comfortably seemed rather foolish since some of our friends would be in Florida for the Junior Chamber of Commerce Convention that June. The next step was obvious and so we ended up with 10 people on the roster.

What seemed like an eternity of waiting finally came to pass and the Minor's and Millers took off in mid June.

We got off to a good start in the early afternoon but got stopped by a tremendous rainstorm in southern Illinois and had to stop on the side of the road because it was raining so hard, and it was impossible to see, in fact after it had stopped raining we couldn't see (now we didn't have any weenies during the waiting period) but the windows were steamed up by the humidity.

Our night was rather quiet in the motel and we were looking forward to a vacation of physical and mental relaxation when all of a sudden there was a heated exchange of words between two gentlemen late comers and the manager next door, which went on for some time.



on the beds regularly, we still saw bedbugs and cockroaches and we are leaving now and want our money back. After a few choice and not too well chosen words between both parties, the guests left in a huff. It really was a nice motel though we concluded after scouring the premises for an hour in every nook and cranny for the reported insects of which we found none. Our thoughts for the rest of the night were only of fun, sun, vacation and relaxation.

The next morning after an early start and continuous driving we rolled across the state line into Mississippi. Now it does get rather warm there in the summer and if you can imagine yourself being stranded on the Sahara Desert, your throat parched and surrounded by peanut butter mountains, you can imagine how we felt when we were told that we were in a dry county of Mississippi, no beer and even the water was warm.

Not to be daunted we rolled onward and into Gulfport around 2 PM where we shopped for food for the house before collapsing as we did on the front porch of the house on our arrival. Relaxation, that was all we could think of except for anticipating the arrival of our other guests the next day.

After an hour or so of this do do nothing attitude on my part, I decided to look over the property. Ike the colored care taker was briskly ( the temperature was only 95) cutting weeds in the back yard with a golf club type sickle in one hand and a Black and White Scotch bottle in the other. My curiosity was aroused since we were told that Ike had gone nearly blind on bad liquor years ago and had now gotten religion and didn't touch it, so I casually asked him how everything was and by the way Ike what was in the bottle. "Well, suh Mr. Miller, you all know we have a lot of snakes around here and I can't see too well anymo so' always takes th...



creosote and kerosene and pours on the weeds ahead of me befo I cuts em to ~~frig~~ scare the snakes away.

Needless to say my doubts were dispelled about his morals but how could ~~me~~ I ask him to nail up some screens that were in bad repair if he couldn't see. To tell him this would have hurt his pride so I asked him to do it and we were all amazed.

Grabbing the hammer in one hand and the ~~znail~~ nail in the other he placed his left thumb over the head of the nail and swung the hammer with his right hand removing his thumb in the nick of time and rythmically drove the nail home, an accomplishment I can't master with 20-20 vision.

Bright and early the next day, about 10 A.M. we arose and prepared for the additional couples from Floriday. Our breakfast was interrupted by our fine southern friend and next door neighbor Mr. Harvey, skipper of the converted tug boat(his fishing boat) called the Ride-With-Rose. He of course asked us out for a days fishing the next day for white trout in the gulf, so of course we suggested that he and his wife join us this night for an old fashioned hot dog roast on the beach across the road.

Comes evening we all meet at the beach and with a small fire going get ready to roast my favorite food, but not Mr. Harvey, he wants a bigger fire so on goes a big log. Well, everything was fine until we started eating the hot dogs, and one curious glance got another from the group. We couldn't understand what had happened to those wonderful hot dogs until one brave soul ventured into the smoke from the fire. Question? Have you ever had creosote smoked hot dogs? Well, Mr. Harvey had thrown an old creosote soake railroad tie on the fire.



We were really beginning to relax there on the beach when Mr. Harvey came up with the idea of going floundering and crabbing. The suggestion was accepted, so with sandles to prevent cutting our feet and armed with spears made of broomsticks with nails on the end flashlights, crab nets and a fifteen gallon garbage can for the loot we ventured forth. After walking for about two hours from Gulfport to Biloxi we hadn't even stepped on a flounder ~~xxxxxxx~~ much less see one but we did get well over a hundred crabs so back to the house we went and put them on the back porch till the help could clean them the next morning.

We were all sleeping soundly thinking about the next days fishing trip when about 2 AM there came a shrill piercing scream from one of the guests downstairs and we all converged on her asking what was wrong. She said there is a scratching noise out back like something trying to get in the screendoor. The hunter and fisherman of the crowd, Mr. Minor ventured forth with flashlight in hand and there all over the porch, crawling down the steps and in the yard were crabs which had gotten out of the garbage can. With nets in hand and moving about like adagio dancers we corralled the crustaceans and put them back in solitary.

Once again with visions of relaxation upper most in our minds we returned to bed to be fully rested for tomorrows fishing trip. Arising early the next morning we were informed by Mr. Harvey that we should wear our swimming trunks beneath our trousers since we would be going out about 10 miles near the sand bars and we could take the dory and fish from the shallows while were casting for white trout. That my friends was mistake number one which we didn't realize until later.



Feeling like old salts with the gulf spray in our faces we ploughed out into the gulf about 10 miles dropped the anchor of the Ride-with-Rose and took to the dory. There were three of us to a dory which we anchored in shallow water and proceeded to wade out on the sand bar with our casting gear.

Spread out on the sliver of a sandbar was one person at each end and the other, we will call him Bill was in the middle. We were apparently getting nowhere, at-least I wann't when all of a sudden the fellow at the other end of the sand bar yelled at Bill, shouting there comes a shark for you. Sure enough it was and while the Red Sea may have opened up for the children of Isarel, it wouldn't have been necessary for Bill as he ran on the top of the water straight for the dory in world record time.

Mr. Harvey, not too far away hearing the uproar said when told what had happened that it was just a little old nurse shark and it wouldn't hurt you, but believe me, we stayed in the boats from then on. (Mr. Harvey wasn't wading by the way)

To get back to mistake number one mentioned, earlier, we were rapidly absorbing our mistake as we stayed in the dories clad in our swimming trunks. After nearly 3 hours and fairly good fishing we headed back to the Ride-with Rose and the wives sunning themselves on deck. By the time we had navigated our way back to the home port (We, the fellows) began to get the chills. We had abosorbed more of old Sol than was good for us and after going out to dinner that night none of us could move without fear of bursting the red hot skin on our legs.



We opened pharmaceuticals including, Noxema, alcohol, St-37 vinegar and other known and unknown coolants that might but not Bill the shark fisherman. He could take it he said and early the next morning and still feeling brave he said the same thing and just to prove his point he gingerly and firmly slapped his thighs and I can say with out hesitation he went down swinging and from then on you couldn't get near him. He had had it.

Now we had to relax so what way could be better than to eat. There were several eating places advertising all the shrimp, crab and certain other seafoods you could eat for \$1.00 and we all liked shrimp. The only catch was that you had shell them yourselves and they were small but tasty. After about an hour of cleaning 70 of them I mixed my own sauce with plenty of horseradish because I liked spicy foods. During the cleaning I had tasted my wife's sauce and decided it wasn't nearly hot enough so I added more horseradish to mine to make sure it would be spicy. I ate several of the tasty morsels and Ann asked if the sauce was hot enough and I said not its not too hot. A few seconds later I hit pure horseradish and she again asked if it was hot enough, and I with tears streaming and my throat on fire bravely said no its not hot. Have you ever felt like a fool, been a fool and looked like one all at the same time? Well, that me and with water water everywhere there wasn't enough to drink.

Finally our relaxation became a reality with only 27 holes of golf per day, swimming, late afternoon cocktail parties before dinner and and costume parties with just minor interruptions to our routine such as the refrigerator motor burning out in the middle of the night and smoking up the house, Ike's cutting his finger instead of the checiken's neck he was eviscerating and Ike's constant fear of the fellow nex door who did target shooting and whom Ike thought was shooting at



In the final few days of our stay ~~MEWEE~~ Ann was called by the society editor of the local bugle better know as the Dixie Guide for a list of names of the guests that were vacationing with us so it could be put in the next edition. It was imperative she said that she have them immediately so Ann courteously gave them to her.

We were not really anxiously waiting to see our name in print, however two or three evenings later ~~while~~ after having seen the local movie in town we decided to check with the newstand for a copy of the Dixie Guide. Now we had met the son of the founder of the paper and were under the impression that it was the bell-weather of the south and read from cover to cover each day so boldly asked the clerk at the stand for a copy of the Dixie Guide. He just stood there and eyed us and we wondered if the publication was on the subversive list, finally in his ~~slow~~ slow southern drawl he said why man that paper just came out two weeks ago and the next edition isn't due for another two weeks. To this day we don't know whether it every went to press.

With the end of the vacation at hand except for the long trip home we began asking ourselves while driving back what was this thing called relaxation that we had looked forward to for six long months and the only conclusion was that there was no place like home even though the grass does look greener on the ~~other~~ other side of the fence. But with fond memories of happenings past we can truly relax in our own home and enjoy both to the utmost.